

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE—EXTRA PERFORMANCE**  
of OPERAS in ENGLISH, being the LAST THIS SEASON.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, at Three, repetition of Bellini's Grand Opera, "NORMA." Messrs. Maas (his last appearance previous to his departure for America), Walsh, and Henry Corri; Miss Alice Barth, Mrs. Sharp, and Madame Ida Gillies-Corri. Full orchestra and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Manns. New scenery, dresses, and appointments.—Numbered reserved stalls, Half-a-Crown; unnumbered reserved seats, One shilling. Subscribers holding serial stalls will be admitted to this performance. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MISS BLANCHE RIEVES will sing Balfe's popular song, "KILLARNEY," August 27, St. George's Hall; September 4, Belvedere; Sept. 29, Harrogate.

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THE MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 22nd September, and will terminate on Saturday the 29th of December.

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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!  
 What joys attend thine advent gay!  
 On every tree the birdies sing,  
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 The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,  
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## J. S. BACH'S PASSION OF ST. MATTHEW.

(Continued from page 560.)

The consideration of this wonderful work naturally assumes a threefold division. Thus it will be, to speak separately, (I.) of the narrative portions set to Scriptural text; (II.) of the choral tunes employed to connect these most intimately with the people's sympathy; and (III.) of the reflective passages, which may be accepted as the composer's comment on the sacred story.

1. The Gospel text is set throughout as recitative, wherein the part of the Evangelist or Narrator is assigned to a tenor, and those of the persons incidentally introduced are respectively allotted to different singers—these never having to repeat a single word, and scarcely ever having to sing a rhythmical phrase, far less a distinct movement. The incidental choruses are indeed somewhat more extended, but the length of these is limited by dramatic propriety, and never exceeds what may well be supposed to be the duration of the embodied action; and where the words are reiterated in such extension, it is for the sake of increasing the vitality of the scene rather than for that of completing the musical idea. A happy instance of this is where, at the Last Supper, when Jesus has declared that one of the twelve will betray him, they everyone say, "Lord, is it I?" The astonishment of all at what they regard less as a suspicion than a prophecy, the anxious distrust of some in their own weakness, the steadfast confidence of others in the devotion they feel for their divine Master, the loving eagerness of each to avert from himself the imputation and the possibility of fulfilling it—such is the various expression given to the heartfelt question as it passes from lip to lip, but is not more often uttered than it may have been on the actual occasion.

There needs some amount of reverence, on the part of the auditor, for the work, and still more for the subject, to secure him against any feeling of strangeness in the singer's rising to utter a single ejaculation perhaps, or a complete sentence at most, which if uprightly regarded may be supposed to interrupt rather than to continue and vivify the narrative. An auditor of the present day, hearing the oratorio, not in a church but in a concert-room, and habituated to the forms as much as the freedoms of such a locality, may be liable to so misconceive the author's purpose and its fulfilment; but in this case the custom of the whole Christian era would testify against him, for it has been the Church's wont from primitive times to set forth the relation after this particular manner, and Bach's treatment of the text differs only from long-established precedent in the admirable truthfulness and the heart-searching expression with which it declaims the whole, as distinguished from the bald chanting of Roman use and the scarcely more impressive recitative of earlier Lutheran musicians.

The single bass line with figures indicates the silence of the orchestra throughout this portion of the work, a device for giving full freedom to the singer's recitation and the utmost clearness to his enunciation. Be it not supposed, however, that the composer's purpose or the effect of the original performance would be in any way represented by the English practice of accompanying recitative on a violoncello and a double bass, and assigning the articulation of the harmony more particularly to the former. It must have been Bach's habit, as it certainly was Handel's, to accompany recitative upon the harpsichord—or, perhaps, occasionally upon a very soft stop of the organ—and to allow the bowed instruments to support the bass notes only. The words spoken by Jesus throughout the narrative, and these words only, are accompanied by all the stringed instruments, and mostly in long-sustained widely dispersed chords.

II. It is to speak now of the Choral tunes intended to be sung by the congregation. The character of harmony applied is not that, we may presume, which the author would generally have employed in writing for popular use, when the tunes are sung in the ordinary Service. On the contrary, instead of giving the broadest expression in the harmonization which might be applicable to each entire hymn, the aim here has obviously been to paint the purport of the particular verse that is selected, and to make this, so far as possible, an illustration of the point of the narrative at which it is inserted. It must have had a peculiar effect upon the singers when they found the character and ex-

pression of their well-known tunes qualified by the accompanying harmony, and found these tunes, with the selected verse of the hymns, thus specially appropriated to the situations where they are introduced.

One tune occurs four times in the course of the Oratorio.\* As "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded," it follows the promise of Jesus, to go before His disciples into Galilee, when He shall be risen again; and to the words, "O Thou whose head was wounded," it is sequent upon the mockery of the soldiers, when they strike their enrobed prisoner. This repeated use of the tune may have been because of the pertinence of the words associated with it to the several situations of its introduction; may have been because of the beauty and the susceptibility of various treatment of the tune itself; and may have been because of the tune's remarkable popularity. Bach has wonderfully diversified its character by his different harmonization, fitting it thus to the various situations.

Another tune is twice employed. It is assigned to the congregation, with the words, "O blessed Jesus," when its plaintive strains bespeak our sorrow at the Saviour's first announcement that his crucifixion will follow the Feast of the Passover—our sorrow, because we who sing and we who hear are assumed to lament his sufferings as much as repent the sin for which they were borne. It occurs again, but there for the select choir only, interspersing the infinitely pathetic tenor solo, "O grief," which reflects upon the agony in Gethsemane.

III. It is, lastly, to speak of the reflective passages which constitute, abstractly as music, to the general hearer, and for ex-ecclesiastical performance, the most attractive, and, perhaps, most interesting, portions of the work.

The oratorio opens with a double chorus, in which one choir represents Zion exhorting believers to weep for the sins of the world, and the other choir represents the faithful responding to the summons. A singularly effective application of the antiphonal form is felicitously appropriated to the distinction of these two individualities. The exclamations, "Behold him, the Bridegroom, like a lamb!" of the first choir are broken by the interrogations of the second, "Whom, how?" and these separate syllables stand out with distinct prominence. An independent melodic figure for the instruments is a background to the vocal phrases; and all these very diverse musical characters are as the pillars of a mighty building, while the dome they support is the choral "O Thou begotten Son," which constitutes a ninth vocal part, and peers above the grand harmonic structure as its crowning glory.

The recitative, "Thou blessed Saviour," and aria for contralto, "Grief for sin," follow the incident of the woman anointing the feet of Jesus. The lasting pain of a bruised heart is laid bare in this most pathetic piece—for the two movements constitute but one whole—which must bring such relief as tears afford, on its earnest utterance.

Far more piercing is the anguish of the aria for soprano, "Break and die, thou dearest heart," which occurs when Judas accepts the bribe for his treachery. In the piece last named is shown the heaviness of woe, but this pictures its acutest pangs.

Of a completely different character are the recitative, "Although mine eyes," and aria for soprano, "Jesus, Saviour, I am Thine," which follow the dispensation of the wine at the Last Supper. Sweetness and tenderness are here the elements of expression, and loving hope the tranquil feeling they reveal. It is too often said by those who but superficially know the author, that Bach's music is deficient in melodious interest. Let them hear this song, which is perfectly a tune from beginning to end, definite in its rhythm and charming in its phrases, and their false apprehension will melt away. The close of the recitative signally exemplifies Bach's mastery of expression, and his most delicate perception of the full meaning of the words he set; the purport of the German sentence is—for the English version follows it not exactly—that the Saviour can never mean unkindly to his own, so dearly does he love them to the end; and in the music to this, the pertinence of the dissonant harmony on the word "böse" (unkindly), and the heavenly sweetness of the change of key for the final phrase, attest the subtlest power of the artist.

(To be continued.)

\* Twice it is omitted in performance.



## SCHUBERT'S UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

The first performance of this very original and remarkable composition took place on the 6th of April, 1867. The musical critic of the *Times* welcomed the work two days later as follows:—

"These movements, an *allegro moderato* in B minor, and an *andante con moto* in E major, are—with the exception of a *scherzo*, only composed, as the German expression is, *zum Theil*, and which, unhappily (and foolishly), is not included in the published score of Spina—all that exist of the symphony. But that all, though only half the conventional whole of a work of the kind, is worth a thousand ordinary symphonies, with each of the four movements elaborately worked out. We cannot but believe that when Schubert began writing the symphony in B minor he must have been in a very depressed state of mind—a state, by the way, rather normal than abnormal with him, but here in an exceptional degree. The sadness of the *allegro moderato* is infectious. It seems absurd to call that *allegro* which is not only *penitioso*, but gloomily *penitioso*; and to style that *moderato* which, in its outward expression of what must have been the inward mental condition of its author, is immoderate. The delicious second theme, in the major key of G, is, it seems to us, a mockery. We can only liken it to the innocent prattle of a child, in the midst of a chamber of sickness, of the signification of which the child is ignorant, although by the surroundings it is unconsciously influenced. There is not, to our knowledge, a more spontaneously lovely melodic phrase in music; and it is a pity that it should be so brief and evanescent—although, at the same time, if longer, it would have been out of sorts with the context, of which, by sheer force of sympathy, it is speedily forced to adopt the sombre complexion. About the *andante con moto* it is difficult to speak. To be more melodiously engaging would be difficult, if not impossible; to be more artlessly ingenious, as to plan or development, no less so. Whether to admire most, or rather most to love, the first theme, so simple, so unadorned—and (we are glad to quote the hackneyed phrase for once, in a sense opposite to that which ordinarily suggests a reference to it) so anything rather than *simplex munditijs*; or the second, given out by a single clarinet in one key, then by a single oboe, through an enharmonic transition in another, the order, or recurrence being reversed, the accompaniment each time being limited to "syncopated" harmony for the string quartet (without double bass), it is impossible to decide until each phrase has been heard over and over again. And then we are forced to give the palm to each. It is melancholy to reflect that a symphony thus begun should, under any circumstances, have stopped short of completion. . . . Schubert did not live to hear any of his orchestral masterpieces played in public, nor even to know that any beyond his intimate circle of friends believed there was merit in them. The audience on Saturday, thoroughly entering into the beauties of this new example of a genius in fertility (Schubert died at 31) almost without precedent, applauded at the end with such heartiness that Herr Manns might safely have repeated the last movement."

## THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA AT PRINCE ESTERHAZY'S.\*

By C. F. POHL.

(Continued from page 552.)

The three storeys of the Château contain, besides the rooms already mentioned, one hundred and twenty-six apartments, richly gilt, adorned with fresco paintings, and lined with Japanese or Indian paneling. In each of them the eye is surprised by a countless multitude of ornamental objects of every kind, displaying in their selection and arrangement the most refined taste. Besides the Curiosity Room, filled with specimens of artistic workmanship, the Château boasts of a well-stocked plate-room; an interesting armoury; a cabinet filled with exceedingly costly Chinese and Japanese vessels; a library, then containing, it is true, only seven thousand books, but those of a choice kind, with manuscripts, relating chiefly to Hungarian history, rare copper-plate engravings, drawings, maps, and globes; and, lastly, a picture gallery, principally of works by Italian and Netherlandish masters, and the Prince's cabinet-painter, Grundmann.

Quite as remarkable and costly, in their way, are the garden and pleasure-wood (*Lustwald*), formed according to a plan of the Prince, which took advantage of the original wood. Nature and art here mutually assisted each other. To enable the noble visitors to find their way in the labyrinth of paths, they were

supplied with fans on which was a ground-plan. The visitor steps from the hall on the ground floor immediately into the garden, here consisting of extensive lawns and flower beds, decorated with antique statues, vases, and numerous wire-work flower baskets. In the paths intersecting one another in all directions, summer-houses, arbours, grottos, cascades, and statues, charm the eye by turns. On the edge of an avenue of horse chestnut trees, on the right hand behind the Château, stood the Operahouse, since removed. Its façade was adorned with Roman semi-pilasters, and a balcony resting upon Ionic columns. The upper part was ornamented with vases, festoons of flowers, and a group of angels playing music. The interior was fitted up with the greatest delicacy and elegance. The Prince's box rested upon Roman columns of red marble, richly gilt; on each side ran the gallery, part being occupied by boxes for the gentlemen, while at the back were cabinets furnished in a costly manner. The pit, to which there were three entrances, accommodated about four hundred spectators. The stage was both broad and deep. During the summer months, as well as in the spring and towards the end of autumn, serious and comic opera, drama and farce, were played here alternately, the performances beginning at six o'clock, and the admission being free. The Prince attended most of the performances. In addition to the members of the Italian Opera, who were frequently engaged for several years, the services were now and then secured of some strolling dramatic company, such, for instance, as that of Währ, Diwald, Passer, Hellmann and Koberwein, Pauli and Mayer, Lasser, and Berner with his company of children. No theatrical event in the capital passed unobserved; the Prince's audiences met Shakespeare, Lessing, and Goethe, as they did Gluck and all contemporary composers. The Vienna farce, likewise, furnished its contribution to the entertainment. Near the theatre there was a coffee-house, the rendezvous of the theatrical artists, of the members of the orchestra, and of the persons in the Prince's service. Opposite the Operahouse still stands the Marionettes Theatre, now employed for other purposes. Decked out, as it then was, with variegated stones, crustaceæ, snail-shells, and mussel-shells, it resembled outwardly and inwardly a grotto, and afforded an unusual spectacle, especially when lighted up. The scenery and machinery were admirable, while the movable figures, artistically made, richly dressed, and of large size, were something surprising.

Connected with this miniature theatre were the Orangery and the other forcing houses. At the entrance of the Pleasure Garden, on each side of the principal walk, there is a colossal cascade. And now we reach at once the extensive pleasure-wood, full of magnificent trees and luxuriant stretches of sward. Splendidly furnished buildings adorned the open spaces; such were the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Diana, the Hermitage, the Chinese Pleasure Houses (called Bagatelle), and, near the entrance to the Preserves, the Temple of Fortune and the Temple of Venus. The Preserves, swarming with deer, as well as the Pheasant Garden, form a continuation of the Pleasure Wood, and stretch in a southerly direction nearly to the small village of Szerdahely. Lower down lies St. Niklo (Fertüz-Miklos), and still further in the same direction the Prince's charming Hunting Château of Monbijou, backed by a forest of oaks, serving as a preserve, and especially rich in bucks.

Being now acquainted with the place which is about to receive the Sovereign, we will advance to meet her in person.

On the 31st August, 1773, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court (thirty in number), who had received orders to that effect from the Empress Maria Theresa, started for Esterhaz, where they arrived in the evening. The next morning, Wednesday, September 1st, Prince Nicholas drove to Oedenburg, for the purpose of greeting her Majesty. In the Imperial suite were the Archduke Maximilian, the Archduchesses Maria Anna and Elizabeth, and Albert Duke of Saxe-Teschen (royal Hungarian Stadtholder), with his wife, the Archduchess Christine. At half-past ten in the morning, the Imperial party reached Esterhaz. Far down on the road towards Szeplak, the crowd, high and low, awaited the arrival of the monarch. The peasants, especially, in their becoming national costume, had flocked to the spot from far and near, and, as soon as the first carriages were visible, loud cheers issued from a thousand throats in honour of the still distant sovereign. On her arrival in the courtyard of the Château,

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

the Prince accompanied her into the hall set aside for the purpose, and introduced to her the members of the aristocracy present. Hereupon the Empress withdrew, to dine with a select circle, into her apartments, which were always magnificent, but which on this occasion had been re-furnished with truly anxious care. Her suite dined at a table laid for thirty-four in the great hall. At four o'clock, all the noble visitors proceeded into the garden. The Imperial party had taken their places in fifteen carriages, with the Prince himself at their head in a calèche, as guide. Numerous residents and visitors followed on foot. The procession moved forward only slowly, for the Empress, at the very first spellbound, as it were, by the sight of so rich and tasteful a show of flowers, gave orders to stop every moment. She was still more surprised by the numerous garden edifices already mentioned, especially by the Temple of the Sun (ornamented, in accordance with its denomination, with a representation of the Sun), the interior of which was decorated with gold, with wainscoting and with ornamental objects of Carrara marble and Chinese porcelain: by the Temple of Diana (so-called from the statue of the Goddess erected upon the pediment of the building), which was quite as richly adorned; and by the Hermitage, faithfully representing by its simplicity the abode of a hermit.

Towards evening the Operahouse received the distinguished guests. The programme consisted of a two-act burletta, *L'Infedeltà delusa*, set to music by the Prince's chapelmaster, Joseph Haydn. The piece was not composed expressly for this festivity, having been previously performed on the 26th July, to celebrate the name-day of the Princess Maria Anna Louise, née Marchioness of Lunati, and widow of Prince Paul Anton. As on the first, so on the second, occasion, the singers were members of the Opera, Magdalena Friberth and her husband, Karl\*, Barbara Dichter and her husband, Leopold, and Christian Specht, the basso.

Haydn's opera never rises to any importance; the hurried handwriting alone suffices to show that Haydn (pressed, perhaps, by other things as well) was, in all probability, not highly edified by the words or the plot. His better operas were not written till later. Immediately after the opera, the Empress was treated with the motley spectacle of a masquerade, and then the Prince conducted her to the Chinese Pleasure House, the mirrors with which the walls were lined reflecting and multiplying the light of numerous chandeliers and lampions, so that the interior appeared bathed in flames. The members of the Prince's musical establishment, having taken their places upon a raised platform, played several pieces of music, among which may have been the so-called "Maria Theresa Symphony," published the same year. The Prince's musical establishment (*Capelle*) was, at that period, far less numerous than might be supposed. We may, therefore, fairly presume that, from time to time, and especially on such a festive occasion as the present, the aid of other musicians was temporarily called in. This year, the *Capelle* did not boast of

more than fifteen members, though these certainly included some first-rate men, such as Alois Tomasini, Haydn's favourite (violin), Andreas Lidl (barytone), Xaverius Marteau (violin), Zacharias Pohl (hautbois), Caspar Peczival (bassoon), and, among five French-horn players, Karl Franz (also barytonist), Joseph Oliva, and Franz Pauer. It was not till October, the same year, that a harpist, Johann Baptist Krumpholtz, was engaged. The French-horn was, by the bye, well represented at this time. From 1762 to 1772, Thadäus Steinmüller was engaged; his three sons gave concerts in Germany, and were everywhere successful. In later years, the brothers Anton and Michael Prinster (uncles of the celebrated Fanny Elssler) were distinguished members of the *Capelle*. It is by the condition of the latter at this period that we must judge Haydn's contemporaneous symphonies. People make, therefore, a great mistake in executing these works, and even many dating between 1780 and 1790, with a thundering orchestra, having a volume of sound for which they were not calculated. The Empress stayed an hour and a half in the Pleasure House, and then supped in her apartments. At a later hour, Arch-Duke Maximilian, and Duke Albert, with their retinue, proceeded, this time masked, to the masquerade, which was now in full swing and did not end till daybreak.

(To be continued.)

MILAN.—People here think at present of nothing but the heat, and speak of nothing but the heat. The Theatres which are open are pretty nearly as empty and deserted as those which are closed. The only exception occurred lately at the Teatro dal Verme, where the performance of *Linda di Chamouniz* attracted a tolerable audience. The performance was satisfactory, and the applause frequent, general, and hearty. The largest share fell to the lot of the protagonist, Signora Marty Gemat, a novice. Some assert her to be an American, and others a Spaniard, *pur sang*. All, however, agree in saying that her voice, though not very powerful, is extensive in range, pleasing in character, and exceedingly well-trained. She is pretty, young, animated, and graceful; to sum up: a success. *La Favorita* is to be the next novelty with Signora Galletti as the heroine—Signor Petrella's opera, *Giovanna di Napoli*, and the ballet of *Il Figliuol prodigo*, are in active rehearsal at the Scala. *Giovanna di Napoli* will be followed by Signor Luigi Chesi's *Contessa di Medina*, another novelty for this city.

GENOA.—Signora Virginia Cortesi, wishing to prove in some way her gratitude for the hospitality afforded him during his lifetime, and the honours rendered him after his death by this city, has given the Corporation the conducting stick of her brother, the late Signor Mariani. The relic will be kept by the side of Paganini's violin.—During a recent performance at the Teatro Balilla, one of the gas pipes burst. There was, at first, some alarm, and dread of fire. But the pipe was soon mended, and the performance proceeded as though nothing had occurred.

## TO LUCCA.

(From the "New York Weekly Review.")

We know the lark in leafy throng  
Will sing up heaven's throne,  
And know thee an embodied song  
Ere either breathes a tone.

Already silent music fills  
Thine every grace and wile,  
And all the sweetness it distills  
Is garnered in thy smile.

What gives day's glory to thine eyes  
That are as dark as night?  
What makes them dart like death's surprise,  
Yet thrill as life's delight?

Why is delight thy willing slave,  
And pensiveness as well,  
Transported both upon the wave  
Of thy melodious spell?

How comes that world of melody  
In beauty so petite?

What brings all friends of harmony  
To worship at thy feet?

I'll tell thee where the secret lies  
Of all thou canst and art:

'Tis this—thy soul is in thine eyes,  
Thy music in thy heart!—Z. W.

\* Karl Friberth (Dittersdorf calls him Joseph), a schoolmaster's son, was born at Wullersdorf, in Lower Austria, on the 7th June, 1736. He was instructed in singing by Bonno, and in composition by Gassmann. Joseph Friedrich, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen, engaged him as tenor in his chapel, and so, at the *fêtes* given by the Duke on his estate of Schlosshof, in 1754, to their Imperial Majesties, we find Friberth singing, with Madame Vittoria Tesi, Therese Heinisch, and Katharina Starzer, in various works, and, among others, in Gluck's opera, *Le Chinesi*, composed for the occasion. On the 1st January, 1759, Friberth entered upon an engagement with Prince Esterbazy (Paul Anton) at Eisenstadt. He there made the acquaintance of Haydn, and the two became most intimate friends. He subsequently went, at the Prince's expense, to Italy, and, "in consequence of his merits as a musician," the Order of the Golden Spur was conferred upon him in the year 1796 by Pope Pius VI. He married Maria Magdalena Spangler, also a singer engaged on the Prince's establishment. In May, 1776, both threw up their engagements and went to Vienna. The lady died there on the 29th August, 1794, aged forty-four. Friberth became Chapelmaster of the Parochial Court Church, and of the University Church. He died on the 6th August, 1816. He was one of the earliest and most active members of the Tonkünstler-Societät (now the Haydn-Verein), appearing, also, as a solo player at its concerts. After having been for years assessor, secretary, and auditor, he requested, in 1812, that he might be relieved from the annual subscription, offering at the same time to continue in the discharge of his duties. Both requests of the old gentleman, then 76 years of age, were granted him, for the Society, recognising his services, considered it an honour "to be able to retain so honourable a man as an honorary member after so many years."

## THE GREAT ORGAN OF BOSTON.

During my visit to Boston in January last, I attended at one of the "Harvard Symphony Concerts" in the Boston Music Hall, where stands the greatest of American organs. The following particulars may interest many of your readers, if you think them worthy of insertion. On the evening of November 20th, 1852, a concert was held in the Music Hall, the proceeds of which were to be applied as the nucleus of a fund to provide the hall with a suitable organ. This entertainment yielded nearly £1,000. The fund gradually grew by private subscriptions and appropriations by the stockholders, and, in 1856, £5,000 being in hand, or pledged, a contract was made with a noted builder, Herr E. Fr. Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, Germany, to undertake the proposed instrument. The work was commenced soon after, and completed in 1863, the opening of the instrument taking place on the evening of November 2nd in that year.

The case of the great organ is nearly fifty feet in width, averages fifteen in depth, and is, from the base to the summit of the "towers," sixty feet high. Two towers project in front, leaving between them a recessed place in which the keyboards are located, and from the outer side it falls away, forming two ways. Huge Caryatids, Atlas-like, support the towers; the panels are everywhere filled with rich carvings and sculptures in wood; and the upper parts are crowned with appropriate ornaments.

The instrument is subdivided into five instruments, the Great, the Choir, the Swell, the Solo, and the Pedal organs, each with a separate key-board. The compass of the four manuals is four and three-quarter octaves (58 notes), the compass of the Pedal organ two and one half (30 notes).

**FIRST MANUAL (Great Organ).—**1, Principal (Double Diapason), Tone, 16 ft.; 2, Tibia Major (Flute), 16 ft.; 3, Viola, 16 ft.; 4, Bassoon, 16 ft.; 5, Ophicleide (Serpent), 8 ft.; 6, Principal (Open Diapason), 8 ft.; 7, Flute, 8 ft.; 8, Gems-horn, 8 ft.; 9, Viola di Gamba, 8 ft.; 10, Gedekt (Stopped Diapason), 8 ft.; 11, Trombone, 8 ft.; 12, Trumpet, 4 ft.; 13, Octave, 4 ft.; 14, Fugara, 4 ft.; 15, Hohlflöte (Hollow-toned Flute), 4 ft.; 16, Flute d'Amour, 4 ft.; 17, Clarion, 4 ft.; 18, Waldflöte (Shepherd's Flute), 2 ft.; 19, Quint (Fifth), 5 1-3 ft.; 20, Tertz (Tenth), 3 1-5 ft.; 21, Quint (Twelfth), 2 2-3 ft.; 22, Octave, 2 ft.; 23, Cornet (5 Ranks), 5 1-3 ft.; 24, Mixture (6 ranks), 2 2-3 ft.; 25, Scharff (4 Ranks), 1 1-3 ft.

**SECOND MANUAL (Swell Organ).—**1, Bourdon (Double Stop Diapason), 16 ft.; 2, Principal, 8 ft.; 3, Salicional, 8 ft.; 4, Dulciana, 8 ft.; 5, Quintatzen, 8 ft.; 6, Gedekt (Stopped Diapason), 8 ft.; 7, Trombone, 8 ft.; 8, Trumpet, 4 ft.; 9, Bassoon, 8 ft.; 10, Oboe, 4 ft.; 11, Principal, Octave, 4 ft.; 12, Rohrflöte (Reed Flute), 4 ft.; 13, Traverse Flute, 4 ft.; 14, Cornettino, 4 ft.; 15, Quintflöte (Fifth Flute), 4 ft.; 16, Nasard (Twelfth), 2 2-3 ft.; 17, Octave, 2 ft.; 18, Mixture (5 Ranks), 2 ft.

**THIRD MANUAL (Choir Organ).—**1, Gedekt, 16 ft.; 2, Principal Flute, 8 ft.; 3, Spitzflöte (Shrill-toned Flute), 8 ft.; 4, Bifra, (2 Ranks), 8 and 4 ft.; 5, Gedekt, 8 ft.; 6, Clarion Bass, 8 ft.; 7, Clarion Treble, 4 ft.; 8, Viola, 8 ft.; 9, Physharmonica, 8 ft.; 10, Hohlflöte (Hollow-toned Flute), 4 ft.; 11, Principal Flute, 4 ft.; 12, Dolce, 4 ft.; 13, Flautino, 2 ft.; 14, Super Octave, 1 ft.; 15, Sesquialtera (2 Ranks), 2 2-3 and 1 2-5 ft.

**FOURTH MANUAL (Solo Organ).—**1, Bourdon, 16 ft.; 2, Geigen Principal (violin), 8 ft.; 3, Æoline, 8 ft.; 4, Concert Flöte, 8 ft.; 5, Corno Bassetto, 8 ft.; 6, Vox Humana, 8 ft.; 7, Gems-horn, 4 ft.; 8, Piffaro (2 Ranks), 4 and 2 ft.; 9, Vox Angelica, 4 ft.; 10, Quint, 2 2-3 ft.; 11, Piccolo, 2 ft.

**PEDAL ORGAN (Forte Division).—**1, Principal Bass (Double-Double Diapason), 32 ft.; 2, Grand Bourdon (5 ranks), 32 ft.; 3, Bombardon, 32 ft.; 4, Octave Bass, 16 ft.; 5, Sub-Bass, 16 ft.; 6, Trombone, 16 ft.; 7, Contrabass, 16 ft.; 8, Octave-Bass, 8 ft.; 9, Hohlflöte-Bass, 8 ft.; 10, Violoncello, 8 ft.; 11, Trumpet, 8 ft.; 12, Corno-Basso, 4 ft.; 13, Octave, 4 ft.; 14, Cornettino, 2 ft. **PIANO DIVISION.—**15, Bourdon, 16 ft.; 16, Viola, 8 ft.; 17, Flute, 8 ft.; 18, Flute, 4 ft.; 19, Waldflöte, 2 ft.; 20, Bassoon, 16 ft.

The number of complete registers in the whole organ is 84, and the whole number of pipes, 5,474.

The lovers of the organ will find their favourite stops well represented, and others new acquaintances. The mechanical arrangements for connecting one keyboard with another, and for producing the swell and other effects, are complete, and place the organ fully at command of the performer. Everything throughout the organ is finished in the most perfect style. The flute stops are of the choicest woods; the pipes of the traverse flute are near imitations of the instrument from which they are named; the trumpets &c. are of brass, and of shape and polish like those used in the orchestra. The total cost of the instrument was something over £10,000.

The ceremonies of the inauguration of the great organ (November 2nd, 1863) consisted in the recitation by Miss Charlotte Cushman, of an original ode written by Mrs. Fields, after which, the organ being opened by Herr Friedrich Walcker, son of the builder, a programme selected from the works of Bach, Handel, and other masters was given by various eminent organists of the day.

W. B. H.

## Punch's Musical Sermon.

(With Two Texts.)

Mr. Punch has not had much to say about Music lately, and for a reason sufficing to himself, and therefore sufficient for mankind. For when *Punch* is content the world is at peace. The fact is that the Music-Crops have been bad this year, and the yield next to nothing. The Shah prevented the production of Balfe's Opera, *Il Talismano*, and thus deferred another victory for Admirable Nilsson; but we trust that, like her namesake, Admiral Nelson, she will defeat the combined forces of the Continent next season, and win new glories for the British flag. Tietjens and Patti have been singing like—Tietjens and Patti; none but themselves can be their parallels; which quotation doesn't hold, because parallels never meet, and those ladies have met very often, to their mutual delight. M. Faure has done everything like the true artist that he is, and we praise Apollo for him. Madame Arabella Goddard has gone to see the Southern Cross—let the enchanted Australians give her one in diamonds. Lesser lights have shone their brightest. But we have had no novelty, and Mr. Punch has no space to tell a hundred times told tales. There are two matters, however, to which he proposes to invite attention. And, first, he begs, or rather takes leave to ask a question. Where is your English Mozart, Weber, Mendelsome (as Mrs. Malaprop calls him), Back (as Mrs. Malaprop spells him), and Auber? If we paused for a reply, we should wait some time. But it may be that we should not have to wait so long, if England bestowed more pains on the musical education of her children. Latent genius might be developed. Very well, go to. That is, go to the Treasurers for two most excellent projects which be now in hand. Go to the Bank of England, Western branch, and pay in a donation to the Mendelssohn Scholarships Foundation, which has been doing exceeding good work, but which, we regret to hear from Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, is much crippled for want of funds. This is simply a shame, for Mendelssohn's music commends itself to those whose gold makes merry music in their pockets. "Heaven save the Foundation!" as Dogberry observes, and let us help in the process. Why, Arthur Sullivan was the very first scholar elected by this Institution, and if that fact be not reason for encouraging and supporting it, we know nothing about facts or reasons either. Well, hand in your money. Then write a letter to a Lady who has most honourably distinguished herself by her services to Music; we mean Lady Jenkinson, of Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, and enclose your cheque, or your P.O.O., towards another Foundation, that of a Thalberg Scholarship, to be attached to the Royal Academy (not our dear friends the Painters; they roll in gold, and might give us more dinners), but of Music. This Scholarship is to be the reward of "the best executant of the best sort of Music." Now, don't be absurd. If England is to be a musical nation, it will not be by gushing, or by merely paying vast sums to finished artists, but by educating her own musical youth. There is sound sense in both these efforts, or Mr. Punch would not have devoted his precious intellect to eulogising them. Having obeyed his commands, enjoy your holidays. But, if you neglect the mandate, may the pianofortes in the houses right and left of you be bumped from morning to night by the most stupid and unteachable girls that ever banged a key-board.

Punch.

**BOXES.—**The following was to be the programme of the Schumann Festival. On the first day, Symphony No. IV, in D minor; *Paradies und die Peri*. On the second day, Overture to *Manfred*; Pianoforte Concerto in A minor (played by Madame Clara Schumann); "Nachtlied for Chorus and Orchestra;" Symphony No. II, in C major; Scenes from Goethe's *Faust* (Third Part). On the third day there was to be a Matinée of Chamber-Music, the said music including Stringed Quartet, No. III, in A major; Songs; Andante and Variations for two Pianos; Songs; and Pianoforte Quintet in E flat major. All the above works are the composition of Schumann. The conductors were to be Professor Joseph Joachim and Herr J. von Wasielewsky Town Musical Director; the soloists: Madame Clara Schumann, Madame Marie Wilt (from Vienna), Madame Amalie Joachim; Mlle. M. Sartorius (from Cologne), Herren Diener (tenor, from Berlin), Julius Stockhausen (bass), A. Schulze (from Berlin), L. Strauss (from London), O. von Königsow (from Cologne), A. Lindner (from Hamburg), and W. Müller (from Berlin). The chorus and band together were to include five hundred persons.



## "AMANG YE, TAKIN' NOTES."

Our provincial friends of the Press will be good enough to remember that *Punch* has now a little time to look about him, that as he reposes *sub tegmine*, the local paper comes under his keen eye, and that a blue pencil (if he may mention such a thing without Contempt of Court) is usually in his waistcoat pocket, for the marking of any matter that may seem to him facetious. In proof whereof he subjoins a Blue passage from a late *Leamington Chronicle*. A certain concert was described, and this tribute was borne to the talents of Miss Edith Wynne, who, 'deed truth, deserves all sorts of laudation.

"Miss Edith Wynne is the Tietjens of the saloon, and sang with her clear notes reaching the circumference of the audible in the silence of attentive appreciation; and interspersing the programme with the Orpheus Glee Union, who sang without accompaniment with a roll of tone and precision of time that show what can be done by high cultivation brought to bear on the melodies that have won the reputation of melodious for all time."

We do not say that this is bad musical criticism, as times go, but on the whole we should prefer a somewhat "nicer derangement of epithets."

*Punch.*

## MR. SIMS REEVES AND THE FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Post.")

SIR,—Will you kindly find space for the letter enclosed, addressed to Mr. Richard Peyton, in reference to the raising of the pitch of the Festival Organ, and oblige,

Your faithful servant,

J. SIMS REEVES.

Grange Mount, Beulah Spa, Upper Norwood,  
August 18, 1873.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with extreme regret that I find myself driven to protest against the recent raising of the pitch of the Birmingham grand organ. There is no public for which I have a higher esteem than that of Birmingham, and my long connection with the Festivals of that city is one of my proudest memories. But you are aware—as the public is aware—that I have waged war for the last four years against our present unreasonable musical pitch. No one can be more disposed than I to vindicate the claims to musical taste and feeling of this country, but I cannot arrogate to it the monopoly of wisdom. It is a simple matter of fact that the normal diapason accepted at Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Naples, Florence, &c., is one and the same, and considerably lower than the British. Mademoiselle Patti—or should I rather say, Madame la Marquise de Caux—declined a re-engagement at Covent Garden last season, save on the express condition that the general musical standard of the world, with one or two exceptions, should be adopted. Her wish was complied with, and all the instruments were modified accordingly.

"Just before the Birmingham Festival comes off I learn, accidentally, from a newspaper paragraph, that—instead of moving in the right direction, to a compromise, even that of Leipzig, which I have professed myself willing to accept, for one—the organ has just been raised, at a considerable cost, another quarter of a tone; so that the change which was declined on the score of expense, in order to conform to the rise of the most musical countries, has actually been incurred to increase the existing difference. I might well say that this looks almost like a hint to me that my services may not be really wished for; but, assuming that no such intention exists, I am satisfied that the public will agree with their humble servant that a course has been taken against which it is my simple duty to protest.

"The argument put forward to prevent the adoption of the normal pitch has always been that such a course would involve the manufacture of new instruments, &c. This seems to be quite forgotten when the change is to be made in the wrong direction. Again, it has been alleged that with a lower pitch than the present military bands could not be employed. It would be a pity to impair the brilliancy of the famous Austrian bands, or of our own, for which a certain martial character is highly desirable, by restricting them to the pitch of the Viennese Conservatoire; but it would be surely a still greater mistake to make the grand orchestras of the world, or the organs, the humble followers of the military bands, in order to obtain a very occasional advantage. I know that almost all artists of note think with me in this matter, and see too plainly that unless a stand is made the present evil state of things will be perpetuated, or even heightened, for many years to come. I have the honour to be, dear sir, your faithful servant,

"To Richard Peyton, Esq., Orchestral Steward, "J. SIMS REEVES.  
Birmingham Musical Festival."

[Mr. Sims Reeves has probably not seen an explanatory paragraph in reference to the raising of the organ pitch, which appeared in our issue of Saturday. It was stated there, to prevent the very misconception that Mr. Sims Reeves appears to have fallen into, that no raising of the normal pitch of the instrument was intended, but simply such a rectification as is needed to repair the loss of

tone that has taken place since the previous tuning. For want of this precaution at the last Festival, great difficulty was experienced in bringing organ and band into tune, and even after the wind instruments had been lowered to the utmost practicable limit, the organ was relatively flat. The pitch adopted here is not higher than that prevailing in the London orchestras; and it could not be lower, without causing a vast disturbance of the wind instrument department.—ED. D. P.]

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

August 20th, 1873.

*La Muette*, *Mignon*, and *Charles VI.*, have been repeated at the opera during the past week with the same *caste* as before. *La Favorite* was also repeated, but *not* with the same artists; M. Budant taking the rôle of Alphonse, in place of M. Yrac, and Mdle. Holmberg (*cantatrice suédoise*) that of the heroine, in place of Mdle. Peyret. Mdle. Holmberg I have already noticed favourably in your columns as a concert singer, and also the fact that she had appeared once or twice on the operatic stage in Brussels. She can sing, and does so, accurately and well. She did so last night, but, on the "boards," acting must be combined with a fine voice to make an artist; and of acting she has no idea. In fact, with the exception of M. Larivière, who took the part of Balthazar, and who has a fine bass voice, last night's performance was the worst of the present season. In a place like Boulogne, at this time of the year, when it is filled with so many amateurs from London and Paris, would it not be better for the management to procure first-rate artists with *formed* voices, to be able to carry out the much-varied programme it puts forth, instead of having resource to half-trained ones, who cannot do the work required of them? *La Fille de Madame Angot* on Saturday, Mdle. Celine Mey in the title rôle, is announced.

On Saturday last Herr Duleken's *Grande Fête d'Enfants* took place at the Etablissement. It began with a concert given by children. After a performance by ten juvenile violinists, pupils of M. Vivier, professor of the Academy of Music of Boulogne, two young ladies, aged ten and eleven, elicited an encore for their singing in a duo by Concone. Another young lady of nine summers also sang two songs, well. A still younger demoiselle—whose age was seven when the programmes were printed, but who informed me behind the scenes that it was her eighth birthday that very day—played with such a nice touch, and with such brilliancy, a fantasia by Sydney Smith, that every one was astonished. Her name I must give you; it is Mdle. Eugénie Benard, whose father is well-known in London as a painter and professor of drawing. Lastly came Haydn's "Toy Symphony," Herr Duleken having drilled 40 youngsters to play the various toys, such as drums, mirlitons, cuckoos, etc. It was a perfect success. After the concert there was a ball, during which a distribution of *bon-bons* and bouquets took place. There were nearly 1,500 persons present.

The Daily Concerts "go" as usual. Last week there was a special feature in the shape of the Andante movement from Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony in C.

On Sunday last there was a *Messe Pontificale*, the Bishop of Arras being present. It was the splendid mass of Guilmant's (No. 3), and well rendered by the band and whole *troupe* of the opera, augmented by some amateurs. The processions to Notre Dame de Boulogne wake us up at 6 every morning. They come from all parts. On Sunday, at 4 p.m., a procession, composed of the six parishes of Boulogne, together with people from as far as Paris and elsewhere, and which took 55 minutes to pass my house, proceeded to the Cathedral to "dedicate la France to the très Sainte Vierge." A hymn, or rather *Cantique du Sacré Cœur*, is sung by the procession every day. I cannot refrain from giving you the refrain:—

"Dieu de Clémence,  
O Dieu vainqueur,  
Sauvez Rome et la France  
Par votre Sacré-Cœur."

Each verse commences with: "Pitié mon Dieu!" and the whole has reference to the state of "la France." The tune is suggestive of "Cheer, boys, cheer." S. C.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIGTREE.—Horace's lines—

"Pallida mors requo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres,"

have been pleasantly Gallicised in language and local colouring thus—

"Le Pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre

"Est sujet à ses lois,

"Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre

"N'en défend pas nos rois."

'A ses lois,' i.e., "aux lois de la Mort."

CAPER.—It was in 1796 that Dr. Boyce wrote the music to *David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan*.

F. W.—Henry Logier, son of J. B. Logier, the author of *Logier's System*, died on the 15th May, 1870, at Londonderry.

FERNANDO.—You are in error. Signor Mario was accompanied on the farewell tour to which you refer, through the chief towns of the United Kingdom, by Mdles. Liebbart and Enriquez, as vocalists, by Signor Sivori as violinist, and by the Chevalier de Kontski as pianist.

CONSTANT READER.—The number of persons taking part as performers in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play was rather more than five hundred. Despite all that has been said to the contrary, the villagers are not quite as simple as they appear.

WHISKERS.—At the time of the first Roman Invasion, the Britons, like the Highlanders of a more recent period, did not patronise trowsers, though they wore coats—of paint.

DR. PULSE.—Certainly not. That Mendelssohn was born at Hamburgh, in 1809, is true; but in all other particulars Dr. Pulse has been misinformed.

ACTION FOR LIBEL.—Too late for this week;—will appear in our next number.

TWENTYMAN RULES.—Enquire of Mr. Wentmore Hare. Mr. Copley Sibbing is ignorant of the matter; and so, we must protest, is Mr. Geston Eagles. Méhul, not Dalayrac, was the man in question.

## DEATH.

On the 2nd inst., at his residence, West Street, Hertford, Mr. C. Bridgeman, organist of All Saint's Church, in his 95th year. He was born the 29th August, 1778.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873.

TRAVELLERS see strange things. They always have done so, and they always will. From the times of Sir John Mandeville downwards, so universally has this been acknowledged, and so eager is mankind to taste the honey of new facts collected by these wandering human bees, that a traveller has invariably proved a good social lion. The words uttered by Falconbridge:

"Now your traveller,  
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;  
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
Why then I suck my teeth and catechise  
My picked man of countries,"

prove that your traveller was as much run after, and no less sure of being invited out to dinner, in those days than he is now. There certainly is one great difference. The "picked man of countries" mentioned by Falconbridge seems to have been somewhat modest. Perhaps he was an exception. He required a deal of pressing before he would launch out about

"The Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the River Po;"

whereas no sooner has his successor of modern days returned

from his trip to Norway, his exploration of Africa, his circumnavigation of the globe, or his excursion to the Isle of Thanet, than he rushes off in pursuit of a publisher as madly as Indians ever chased the buffalo in the plains of Mexico; and, as speedily as possible after lassoing a specimen, favours the public with as many volumes as he can manage to get accepted of his reminiscences.

There can be no doubt that books of travel are mostly very popular, and the reason is clear. Those written by a man's fellow-countryman concerning foreign nations tell him much that would otherwise have remained unknown; while those penned by foreigners of a man's own native land are also calculated, not merely to increase most unexpectedly his stock of information, but, at the same time, to excite his wonder in no ordinary degree. We Englishmen are especially fortunate in the latter class of book. It is perfectly marvellous what extraordinary beings, and what extraordinary things there are to be seen in this country were we only gifted with the amount of vision requisite to perceive them. But it appears we are singularly deficient in this respect; and it is to intelligent foreigners that an Englishman is often indebted for learning facts connected with English life, and of which he would otherwise have remained in ignorance,

"Until his dying day, sir,"

to adopt the phraseology of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, who displayed in his principles that quality which has procured for india rubber and gutta percha so high a position in the regard of City men.

Let me take an instance of what I mean. M. Roger, who formerly occupied a leading position in the company of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, made a professional tour through Scotland in September, 1848, and I trust he did not find it unprofitable. Writing about it to the *Paris Figaro* in May, 1872, M. Roger informs his readers that he paid a visit to Frederick Lablache at Edinburgh, and that on Saturday, September 30, just as they were finishing breakfast, a Scottish nobleman, who took singing lessons of the great Basso's son, dropped in on them. I blush to own it, but I am somewhat ignorant of aristocratic pedigrees, and not so well up in the pages of Debrett and Burke, not so deeply versed in griffins couchants, chevrons, gules, and fields of the first, as I ought to be. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that I was previously unacquainted with the title, Lord Kilmarnock, of young Signor Lablache's visitor. However, that is neither here nor there. Lord Kilmarnock, as M. Roger goes on, with charming frankness, to inform, confidentially, of course, the readers of the *Paris Figaro*, was a raving melomaniac, with tastes nearly approaching madness (*son goût touche à la folie*). By the way, I do not well see how it is that, if his Lordship was, as stated, a raving maniac, no matter whether in regard to music, or aught else, his tastes can be said merely to "approach" madness. This again is, however, parenthetical. Signor Lablache and his guest made his Lordship sing in the large dining-room. He reminded M. Roger of a poor old woman, Mélanie Dumont by name, who was mad for music and the drama, and had procured M. Roger and Hector Berlioz many screaming evenings' entertainment, or *soirées désopilantes*. His Lordship indulged in certain irresistibly comic peculiarities. For instance, if, after he had commenced an air, his voice would not come out well, he pulled up the left side of his trowsers, and fixed his braces a hole higher. Having done this, he began the air again. From the fact of his pulling up the left side of his trowsers and fixing his braces a hole higher, we gather incidentally that Lord Kilmarnock did



not wear the national garb of the Celt, and was probably a Lowlander.

On reaching the difficult passage once more with the same result, his Lordship passed to the left hand brace. He was still unsuccessful. It was now the turn of his garters. As to how his Lordship got at them, M. Roger is silent. As his Lordship did not sport the kilt, he must either have pulled up the legs of his trowsers, or his trowsers, to speak *more Hibernico*, must have been knee-breeches. Well, he pulled his garters, first to the right and then to the left, as frantically, we are told, as Amphion would have thrummed away on his lyre, had he found the beasts resisted him. After the above little classical allusion, M. Roger adds that Lord Kilmarnock did all this with the greatest possible gravity. M. Roger then bursts forth into the following profound series of reflections: "What a powerful element of comicality; what seriousness. This is what renders monkeys and learned dogs superior to our buffoons, and secures for these *genial* artists so high a place in art. Nature has refused their countenances the faculty of laughter; they are comic, without knowing it, and, above all, without endeavouring to appear so. Well, his Lordship is a pupil not destined to do Lablache much honour. I strongly suspect the Professor keeps up his connection with such a monomaniac in the interest of gentle gaiety and of an easy digestion—in the hope of doing

"Comme le roy Saladin  
Qui s'amusa le matin."

Having thus enlightened us as to the Scotch Lord, M. Roger darts off at a tangent to another case of eccentricity. He abruptly leaves his host sole autocrat of the breakfast-table and rushes on to an incident in which Lablache *père* is involved. This time, however, while announcing generally the nationality of the individual concerned, he is reticent as to the individual's rank, name, and title. We know only that a "rich Englishman," in ecstasies with the manner in which Lablache, *senr.*, used to sing the air: "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," asked the great artist to teach it him, observing it would not require more than a month to do so, as he was quick at learning. Lablache, who had neither leisure nor time to throw away, by no means relished the proposal, and replied that his price was five guineas for an hour's lesson. "Very good, Signor Lablache, very good! I do not care about the price," replied the "rich Englishman." "As I want to get on very quickly, I will take lessons—eight lessons—every day."

"Think of that!" again moralizes M. Roger. "For a month! Poor Lablache! What a fine opportunity for getting thin."

It was, indeed, a fine opportunity; a very pleasant and lucrative system of Bantingising, but it evidently proved unavailing in the case of the famous Italian *buffo*, who to the last much resembled

"Three single gentlemen roll'd into one."

Of course, both these anecdotes, strange though they be, are entirely devoid of exaggeration. But perhaps the most remarkable fact connected with them, as I have suggested already, is that they and others of the same class always remain unknown to ourselves till some clever traveller—as often as not a Frenchman—discovers and preserves them for our delectation. Shakespeare, who had nearly as sharp an eye, as keen a nose, and as ready an ear as M. Roger himself, makes Hamlet truly observe:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

All honour to those who, after the manner of M. Roger, discover some of these mysteries for the benefit of their fellow men. If all M. Roger's narrative resembles the two episodes quoted, it must be not only highly amusing, but exceedingly instructive, and calculated to impress every unprejudiced person with feelings of deep respect for French patience of research, and with sentiments of unalloyed admiration for French accuracy of detail.

L.

THE following *artistes* have, by marriage, entered the circle of nobility, from the French, German, Italian, and English stage:—

Mlle. Clairon became Souverain Princess; Mlle. Contat married the Chevalier de Paray; Mlle. Sontag became Countess Rossi; Mlle. Tagliioni married the Count Gilbert des Voisins; Mlle. Sala was made Countess de Fuentes; Mlle. Alboni, Countess Pepoli; Mlle. Ricci married the Marquis Capriciano del Grillo; Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli became Baroness Vigier; Mlle. Birnharem (Pear Face), Princess of Haran; Mlle. Sophie Loewe married the Prince of Lichtenstein; Mlle. Gossin (the German "Cricket"), became Baroness Prokesh-Ostew, Louise Newman, Countess Schoenfeld; Mlle. Brossier, Baroness von Bruck; Mlle. Marie Tagliioni, Princess Windischgrätz; and Mme. Scheller, married Methua de Gonzaga of old Spanish noble blood.

The following famous singers have married titled husbands:—

Pauline Lucca married Count de Rhaden; Eliza Hensler, the King of Portugal; M. Eher, centralto, an Archduke of Austria; Nathalie Freusini, Prince de Wurtemberg, brother of the King; Ada Winan, Prince de Trulotke; N. Visconti, Count Belgiojoso; Amelia Retorecci, Berenaggio; Francilla Pixia, Marquis de la Cicilia; N. Farelli, Marquis Visconte Ajani; Giulia Grisi, Viscount de Meley; Giudita Grisi, Count Barni; Adelaide Tassi, Count Ludesi; Henrietta Werlior, Count Malcari; G. Boschetti, *dansuse*, Marquis Spinola; Marietta Gazzaniga, Marquis Malaipini; Victoire Balfé, Duc de Frias; Anna Lagrange, Count de Santowick.

Eight actresses of the English stage have been elevated to the peerage, and, in every instance, by their domestic virtue and social charm, lent grace and dignity to the order. They were:—

Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton; Anastasia Robinson, Countess of Peterborough; Louisa Brunton, Countess of Craven; Miss Farrer, Countess of Derby; Mary Bolton, Baroness Thurlow; Harriet Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans; Maria Foote, Countess of Harrington; Catherine Stephens, Countess of Essex. Adelina Patti married the Marquis of Caux; Miss O'Neil and Mrs. Nibbett married baronets, the one Sir Wrixon Beecher, the other Sir William Boothby. H.

[This list might be considerably enlarged. How, for example, about Clara Novello?—Ed. M. W.]

### Tunes for Music.

#### THE OLD COUNTRY STYLE.\*

I.  
Ah! that dear old stile, I love it well,  
With its sturdy rough-hewn bars,  
Deep down in a cool and mossy dell,  
All covered with blue-worm scars.  
The loveliest spot on earth it is,  
And I like to think awhile  
Of the dear old days so full of bliss,  
While sitting on that old stile.

II.  
In a bygone summer, when I, a youth,  
Was walking my favorite dell,  
A maiden I spied whose (to speak  
truth)  
Beauty I can't fairly tell.  
Going to market, all laden she,  
Her baskets made quite a pile—  
Deep buried in thought, seeming to be  
Unable to mount the stile.

III.  
A gipsy bonnet sheltered her face  
From the summer sun's bold glance,  
Waiting for help in this quiet place—  
Though 'twere but a sorry chance.  
But when I saw her, how glad was she,  
Her face lit up with a smile;  
Blushingly modest, quoth she to me:  
"Please, help me over the stile."

IV.  
Her glossy black hair is now turned  
gray,  
Though her eye is as full of light  
As the bright morn of that happy day  
Both "greed" life's battles to fight.  
Over and over again we've felt  
Affliction or life-sore trial,  
But how of we each other have helped  
O'er many a rude rough stile.

EMMA HOGGESS.

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## HEALTH IN THE STAR CITY.

(From "Another World.")

In Montallayah everything conducive to health is attended to: the supply of water to every part of the city is unlimited, and in each house, whether of rich or poor, is a bath, for sea and for fresh water.

All the large bridges are covered with houses and gardens, which at a distance seem air-suspended cities, hanging without support over rivers, cataracts, large towns, and aggregations of houses.

We have "violet streams," which run for miles over beds of violets, white and blue. The water of these is preserved in tanks erected at the end of the streams, trenches being cut to assist the flow. It has a delicious flavour, and is used for various beverages, but not for culinary purposes, since, when mixed with certain things, it turns black and loses its fragrance.

Trees, plants, and flowers perfume the air with their fragrance; whilst birds of endless variety and richest plumage have their nests in the tall and wide-spreading trees of varied-coloured foliage, and fill the air with their music. In the trees are placed artificial nests to entice the birds; these invite others, which build their nests spontaneously. The trees are large, their branches and rich foliage spread themselves in graceful lines to a long distance on every side and afford pleasing shade, their gauzy leaves subduing the light and producing the effect of soft rainbow tints. The trees also emit perfume.

The music of the birds harmonizes with the refreshing sounds of the running waters, cascades, and fountains; and that the effect on the mind of these beautiful harmonies may not be disturbed, the wheels of our chariots, as well as the horses' hoofs, are bound with a peculiar hide which, besides possessing great toughness and durability, has the property of deadening sound. Thus none but the most agreeable sounds reach the ear, whilst the senses are charmed with aromatic odours, and the eye is pleased with beauty of every kind.

Arch-d galleries and passages through the hills and mountains, partly perforated by the sea or electric fire, and enlarged by the industry of man, have a subdued light, and make an impression of another kind, the red light in these perforated roads answering to the red shade of the outer world. These galleries and openings in the rocks are used to shorten distances from one side of a mountain to another.

The whole city is full of animation. The illuminated sky, the variegated plumage of the birds, the moving myriads of human beings, clad in rich costumes of divers colours: horses, elephants, camels, and cameleopards, richly caparisoned; carriages gorgeously decorated, the golden domes of the houses, the many-coloured rocks reflecting themselves in the waters and in the brilliant skies, with their own aerial peaks and mountains brilliant and bright with our powerful sunlight—all these combine to produce a gorgeous spectacle. Moreover, the constantly recurring undulations and tortuousness of the ground are so great that it is difficult to proceed for a few minutes without meeting an entire change of scenery, as though one had reached a new city.

At one moment are seen mountain peaks rising almost perpendicularly to the skies in varying height; then a little turn brings the spectator on forests of houses, with ornamental gilded domes and hives of human beings.

Overhanging rock and mountain-forms of varied colours, the skies now scarcely seen, now reflecting their gorgeous tints in the sparkling rivers, cascades, and upheaving masses of water, these and much more form a picture of which words of fire would fail to convey a sufficient idea to those accustomed to the sober, though beautifully subdued tints of your skies.

SIGNOR ENRICO SERAZZI, a young Italian, from the San Carlo, Naples, arrived in town on Tuesday, to join Messrs. Gunn's Italian troop in Dublin, as principal tenor.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE members of the Royal Family of England have long been famous for their love of music. Queen Elizabeth was an excellent musician, being especially skilled on the virginals, and delighting to play the pieces composed by Bird, Orlando Lasso, and Luca Marenzio, for her especial delectation on that now obsolete instrument. Handel and his contemporaries were appreciated and patronised by George III. and the aristocracy of the period, and Rossini was the idol of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The late Duke of Cambridge was *fanatico per la musica*, and took the second violin part in the quartets of Mozart and Haydn very creditably. Prince Albert, as we all know, had a talent for composition. The Queen, a pupil of the great Lablache, used to be an admirable singer, and is still a thorough judge and warm admirer of the great masters. The Crown-Princess of Prussia plays the organ and harmonium; the Princess Alice is an excellent musician, and the Duke of Edinburgh holds a prominent place in the Amateur Society at Albert Hall.

It appears the Hungarian National Stage is, like Touchstone's friend, the shepherd Corin, "in a parlous state." Béla Beresenyi, writing to the *Hon*, complains bitterly. He says that the provincial theatres of Hungary, with their operettas and farces, are not conducted in a national spirit, and the majority of actors, especially the younger ones, are utterly destitute of anything like polished education, being scarcely able to do more than read and write. The fair sex are even more at fault than the men. To ameliorate this deplorable state of things, he proposes that ten thousand persons shall, for the space of ten years, subscribe five florins each, to be expended in bringing about the regeneration of the national drama of Hungary. Hungarian patriotism, we know, is a great feature in Hungarian history. It will cause Hungarians to shed their blood freely for the liberation of their country, but we do not think it will induce any ten thousand of them to subscribe fifty thousand florins a year for the regeneration of the National Stage. Confound it, we must draw the line somewhere. Charles Dickens's hero draws it at bakers. We should not be surprised were the readers of the *Hon* and their fellow countrymen to draw it at the Hungarian Drama.

EXPLOSION BY MUSIC.—*Galvani* says:—Our readers may recollect that some years ago Count Schaffgotsch and Prof. Tyndall published a number of curious experiments on "sensitive" or "singing" flames, resulting from the observation that the gas-lights in a drawing-room seemed to keep time with the music. The vibrations excited by sound in the atmosphere naturally influence the flame which rises or sinks in proportion to the strokes it receives from the ambient air. This explanation is self-evident, but the fact reveals itself in many startling ways, duly investigated by the above mentioned philosophers. Not long ago Mr. Abel announced another case of vibratory influence in explosive substances, showing that they would in most cases preserve their stability unless their particles were excited to motion in a peculiar way. MM. Champion and Pellett have now gone a step further, and endeavoured to prove that heat alone would not be sufficient to cause an explosion if it did not cause vibration. Starting from this proposition they arrived at the conclusion that there must be some musical note able of itself to produce the explosion without the assistance of heat. This deduction they have confirmed by fact. Iodine of nitrogen is a detonating substance, which may be handled freely so long as it is moist. Our experimentalist put small portions of it in this state into little bags made of goldbeaters skin, which they hung to the strings of a bass viol. When all was dry, the bow was applied to each chord in succession, and it was found that while the low notes produced no effect whatever, the highest one did, causing an explosion at the very outset. From successive experiments it was ascertained that at least sixty vibrations per second were necessary to lead to the result. Another trial was as follows: Two parabolic mirrors being placed opposite to each other at a distance of eight feet, a drop of nitro-glycerine was put into one of the foci, and a bag of iodine into the other. The former being made to explode, the vibrations thus caused were reflected from one mirror to the other, and led to the explosion of the iodine.

It was eleven years ago, on the 21st of last July, that Count Walewski, then Minister of State, laid the first stone of the New Grand Operahouse, Paris, and the building is yet far from being completed. The re-erection, too, of the Théâtre Lyrique is proceeding at a snail's pace only. The Municipality have taken the work in hand, but cannot afford to expend more than 200,000 francs a year upon it; therefore, before the doors are thrown open to the public, three years must elapse, as the estimated cost amounts to 539,000 francs, a sum which architects, contractors, and masons will, of course, swell up to 600,000.

MAY a person, not possessing, like Mr. R. Crusoe, an uninhabited island of his or her own, play the piano every day from 8 a.m. till midnight, without according a moment's respite to the unfortunate neighbours? Such is the question to which the French judges recently returned a negative answer in the case of a gentleman living on the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, who complained of a young lady named Mdlle. Chaises. The Court decreed that the fair offender should not commence before 10 a.m., nor continue after 10 p.m. She was also ordered to discontinue her practice two hours in the course of the day. In the columns of a paper so universally read by pianists, both old and young, we will not go so far as to uphold the sentence of the Court, but we do not mind confessing that nothing should ever induce us to rent apartments either in the house in which Mdlle. Chaises resides, or even in any house near it.

THE *Albany* (New York) *Evening Journal* publishes a letter, from Mrs. Prun, now on a visit to Professor Clark in Japan, giving an account of a musical performance got up for her entertainment by the wife of one of the young men under the instruction of the Professor. Mrs. Prun says:—"About 7 o'clock the gentleman came with five ladies, having sent their instruments before. The wife was a little, sprightly, child-like woman, and thoroughly accomplished, but the others were plain and middle-aged. They were all perfect mistresses of the art, and played and sang their parts with great skill. I wish I could picture the scene as it appeared to us. Seated on the floor in a semicircle before us, with their strange instruments, which are all stringed (one called a *koto*, being 6ft. long and lying flat on the floor), and singing in the low, nasal tone peculiar to their music; there was more in their picturesque dress, attitudes, and the oddity of their style to please and amuse than in the music itself. The little wife, with the peculiar bright ornamentations in her hair and the richness of her *obi* or girdle, with her bright eyes and graceful movements, sweeping her fingers (protected at the ends by ornamental ivory shields) skilfully over the strings of the *koto*, would have been a beautiful object but for the hideous blackened teeth—a custom I cannot find otherwise than disgusting. They played and sang several pieces, but there was little variety in them; and then the young wife danced for us. She danced two pieces, each of about fifteen minutes in length, one of the others playing on the *samisen*, a sort of guitar, and another singing the story, which the dance was designed to illustrate, of love and adventure."

BAYREUTH.—A large concourse assembled on the evening of the 2nd inst., to celebrate the ceremony of roofing in Herr R. Wagner's National Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre. Under the framework of the roof were the band of the regiment of Chevaux-légers quartered here, the Abbate Franz Liszt and Madame Cosima Wagner. About half-past six, Herr Richard Wagner, accompanied by the various masters of the works and the members of the local Wagner Association, ascended to the same elevated position. Herr Hofmann, one of the foremen, spoke a copy of verses referring to the occasion, with cheers for German spirit, for the architects, and for the building, at the end of the different stanzas. Hereupon the band played the choral: "Nun danket Alle Gott!" in which those present took part vocally. Herr R. Wagner then made a speech in rhyme, which, while striving after simplicity, certainly in many passages attained to the childishness of tathos or the bathos of childishness. After the Musician of the Future came the president of the local Wagner Association with a prose speech. Cheers were given for Herr R. W., and the meeting dispersed. It is reported, by the way, that the Khedive has forwarded 12,000 francs towards the building-fund of the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre.

BOSTON (U.S.).—The Handel and Haydn Society of this place will hold their Triennial Musical Festival at the beginning of next May, when they will perform a grand classical oratorio.

## PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—The "London Opera Company," under the direction of Mr. Isidore de Solla, have been performing in the Concert-hall to delighted audiences. It is one of the best companies in the provinces; and, as this is the third visit they have paid to Malvern, it shows their efforts are appreciated. The singing and acting of Madame Isidore de Solla are very effective. Miss Ella Collins possesses a fine voice, and she knows how to use it. The acting of Miss Jenny Beauclerc captivates the audience. Mr. Glover and Mr. B. de Solla as baritones, Mr. Swarbrick, as tenor, give immense satisfaction, and Mr. I. de Solla is a clever conductor.

BLACKBURN.—Richard Coddington, Esq., of Westbank, Blackburn, a distinguished amateur organist, has contributed the sum of £350, towards improving the organ in St. Peter's Church, Blackburn. The instrument, built by Willis, cost altogether nearly £2,000. The additions have just been completed. The re-opening took place on Monday before a large audience. Dr. Spirk of Leeds was specially engaged to perform the following programme selected by Mr. Coddington:—

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," Handel; Adagio con grand espressione, Beethoven; Aria (bass), "He layeth the beams," Handel; Postlude—Allegro Maestoso (D major), Henry Smart; Andante con espressione (G minor), Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett; Extemporaneous Introduction and Grand Fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; Aria, "Agnus Dei," Mozart; Air with Variations and Fugue, Wm. Spirk.

In the evening there was full choral service, comprising a new anthem by Dr. Spirk, "Unto Thee, O Lord," prepared for the occasion.

BRUSSELS.—The "Prize of Rome" at the Conservatory, has been awarded to François Servais, son of the well-known violoncellist.

SPOHR IN LONDON.—The arrival of Spohr, the king of violinists, created a considerable sensation in London, where his great artistic gifts met with a very wide-spread recognition. The musical societies in London vied with each other in welcoming the great musician. His *Macbeth*, his *Weiche der Tone*, and the oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, were performed under his own direction. . . . "We artists, making up a party of ninety, gave him a grand dinner at Greenwich; I was placed next to him to interpret the proceedings and numerous speeches; I also accompanied him in three of his manuscript duets. In my improvisation at a later period of the evening I endeavoured to be completely 'Spohrish,' and worked up themes out of his Symphony, *The Consecration of Sound*. A grand party in his honour was given by Moscheles, and another by Mr. Alsager. The music was Spohr through out, and Moscheles played his quintett. He says . . . 'You know our friend is not demonstrative, but after the first movement he came to the piano to shake hands with me. Hallé turned over the leaves, whilst all the native and foreign pianists in London formed the audience.'"—*The Life of Moscheles*.

## Times for Music.

### PATRICK'S WOOLING.\*

As I came home from milking one morn,  
Who should meet me but Patrick O'Shay,  
Says he, "Nora, my jewel, I'm torn,  
And from you sure I can't keep away.

"And its waking I am when I'm slaping,  
And drowsing I am when I wake,  
And because o' the silence I'm kaping,  
Its dying I am for your sake."

But says I, "Pat, all men are decayers,  
Wi' blarney you'll never woo me,  
For tho' women are 'asy bellers,  
Its truth you're not telling, I see."

But that evening came Patrick once more,  
And his eyes had been crying all day,  
Says he, "Good-bye, dear Nora Asthore,  
I'm just going to drown in the say."

Then my heart like a drum took to bating,  
And, says I, "Patrick dear, don't you see  
In the dark, all the time I was chating,  
That tould you, you'd never woo me."

And its now I've a new satin gown,  
And Pat sitting beside me so gay,  
Never talking of going to drown,  
As he told me, that night, in the say.

LOUISA GRAY.

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## LOOKING OUT FOR "STARS."

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The astronomers at Greenwich are not more anxious in scanning the heavens in search of stray comets and new orbs, whose light takes thousands of years to reach us, than are the *impresarios* of our operahouses in their eagerness to add new "stars" to the musical firmament. Season after season new lights are discovered, some of which grow into planets of the first magnitude, and become fixed in public favour, while others prove to be as erratic and short-lived as comets, or, like rockets, end in a complete "fizzle." Still, the caterers for the insatiable British public must continue their operative-astronomical observations, and now and then a really brilliant and permanent planet rewards their assiduity. The Italian skies furnish the most promising objects for the managerial telescope, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find Manager Mapleson, the moment he has closed the doors of Drury Lane, hurrying off to the milky way of Milan, with the view of selecting from the throng of small luminaries some two or three that may burst upon the musical world in all the glory of first-class stars.

The indefatigable *impresario* has carried out here the "happy thought," which, it appears, he conceived recently in London, of giving the numerous aspirant-*operatic* fame the chance of a fair trial on the stage, the only audience being the company of already established artists, while the chairman of the judging committee is, of course, the manager himself. These *opéra-midis*, or whatever they may be test called, have been held at the Teatro Regio, Turin, and at La Scala, Milan. I had the pleasure to be present at the last one of these at our great theatre, when upwards of forty young ladies and gentlemen, aspiring to future operatic honours, underwent the ordeal of a hearing by the English *impresario*. Mr. Mapleson took his seat in the centre of the stalls precisely at four in the afternoon, and was surrounded by several of the leading Italian *dilettanti*.

First of all appeared a very promising soprano with a lovely voice, but the stolid manager showed no signs of approbation, although two privileged professional critics were wild with delight at her singing. Then followed a baritone, and next a buffo. The *impresario* remained immovable. Then came another soprano with a pleasing voice and style, and after her a tenor, who certainly aroused the Jupiter of Drury Lane, for he applauded him heartily, begged of him to sing again, and then his name—Camero—was at once eagerly written down by the *impresario*. A third soprano followed and sang an aria very brilliantly; but as this lady (Mlle. Rizzarelli) had been heard in England during the winter opera season, she was allowed to pass.

Then came on the stage a basso profondo with one of the finest voices possible. He had been eagerly sought for by many managers, and the La Scala director, after hearing him display his fine organ and style, was at once "on." Mr. Mapleson, however, managed to place himself between the Italians and the coveted prize, and, giving the singer an intimation that he had an important matter to communicate, hastily led him away to a contiguous *café*, where an engagement was at once signed by the delighted aspirant for seven years, the name appended to the document being "Giulio Perkins." The "Perkins" alarmed the *impresario*, but, after all, "what's in a name," when the grand voice is there? Giulio Perkins, I may safely say, has one of the deepest and most flexible bass voices I ever heard, and the English public will have, I suppose, an early opportunity of judging whether my estimate of his powers is overdrawn. The tenor, Camero, was also engaged for seven years, and within an hour afterwards the *impresario* was offered by a Mexican opera-house director £4,000 to cede his bargain, but it need hardly be added that his offer was "declined with thanks." Drury Lane is, therefore, destined to be the sky in which these new stars are to shine upon the operatic world.

Milan, August 4.

CAIRO.—The French Theatre here seems to be managed in a rather peculiar fashion, to say the least. One evening, M. Sardou's *Fernande* was stopt, in the middle, by superior order, and a cancan of an alarming description interpolated before the other half. On another occasion, the artists had to give *La Grande Duchesse* in plain clothes. On a third occasion, the last act of *Orphée aux Enfers* was being performed, when the Khedive arrived. He was in high spirits and wanted to see the piece in its integrity. The artists at first resisted, but eventually yielded to an irresistible argument, 21,000 francs. They re-commenced the performance, and by the middle of the first act the Khedive—was fast asleep.

AN ACTRESS SENT TO PRISON.—A woman who gave her name as Lydia Thompson, and describing herself as an actress, was recently sent to the London House of Correction for one month, for being drunk and disorderly. There is only one known Lydia Thompson on the stage, and that lady is now in America with her company. It is but justice to state this fact, so that the public may not confound the acts of a drunken woman with the name of the popular and favourite actress.

## WAIFS.

Sir Julius Benedict will attend at the Birmingham Festival, to hear the new oratorio of Mr. A. Sullivan.

CABINET NEWS.—The only Ministers who are on speaking terms are the Premier and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—[Punch.]

Signor Gustave Garcia and Madame Martorelli Garcia are the vocalists engaged at the Brighton Aquarium promenade concerts to-day.

We are glad to learn that Dr. White's confinement to his chamber for so many weeks has terminated. It will be remembered that some weeks ago he was bitten by a dog.

A fire took place at Messrs. Weippert's, the music publishers of Regent Street, on Thursday evening, about 9 o'clock, and completely destroyed their warehouse. The upper part of the premises suffered but small damage.

We understand, upon the very best authority, that a building fund will be immediately started by the Committee and friends of the Royal Academy of Music, to provide handsome and suitable accommodation for the fast increasing wants of the Institution.

It is a most difficult matter to decide in which character M<sup>me</sup>. Pauline Lucca is seen at her best. In *L'Africaine* she is without a rival; in *Fra Diavolo* equally good; as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*, who can truly describe her excellencies?; while as Marguerite, in *Faust*, she makes us forget the fair-haired Gretchen of old, and gives us a creation at once natural and charming, as widely different from the dreamy girl, Marguerite, as day is from night. M<sup>me</sup>. Lucca instils warmth and love into the part, not dreaminess and vapid resignation, and we are at first astonished, and then delighted, with her impersonation.—*Leslie's Illustrated*.

MEMORIAL CUP.—A richly chased silver cup, to be presented to the South Wales Choral Union by the London Committee of the Welsh Choir Prize Fund, to commemorate their success at the National Musical Competition meeting in July, 1872, is now being exhibited for a short time at Mr. Streeter's, 37, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W. The cover is surmounted by a model of the ancient Welsh harp, bearing a motto signifying "The Soul of Music." On the shield are engraven the arms of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; on the reverse the arms of North and South Wales and the Royal Princes of Wales. The engravings are beautifully finished.—*The Times*, Aug. 15.

Lord Clarence Paget, C.B., recently presided at a National Welsh Festival, or Eisteddfod, at Menai Bridge. In his inaugural address his Lordship said he had been requested by the Prince of Wales to take the earliest opportunity of making public the announcement of a great national scheme for the foundation of a School of Music; he had told his Royal Highness that he thought the Welsh were worthy of having the first official intimation of this scheme. It is proposed to establish in London; in connection with the Royal Albert Hall, a National Training School for the cultivation of music among all classes, under the immediate Presidency of the Prince of Wales. The central depot will be in London; but it is hoped in time to extend branches into the country in the same manner as Schools of Art. The proposed scholarships are of two kinds—one giving free instruction in music, and the other, in addition to free instruction, a maintenance allowance. Free instruction will be provided for 300 scholars. A private gentleman, Mr. Freak, has munificently undertaken, at his own cost, to provide the necessary Class and Lecture Rooms. The Committee of Management consists of the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Clarence Paget, Major Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Henry Cole, Major Donnelly, and Sir Henry Anderson.

THE ORIGIN OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."—The authors of the "Songstresses of Scotland" tell the story in this way:—There was an old Scotch air (not, however, to which the song is now sung, for that we owe to an English clergyman,) of which Lady Anne Bernard was very fond, and which Soph Johnson was in the habit of singing to words that were far from choice. It struck Lady Anne that she could supply the air with a tale of virtuous distress in humble life with which all could sympathise. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar with the children of the house. He had once arrested them in their flight to an indulgent neighbour's. Lady Anne revenged this arrest by seizing the old man's name, and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes on the heroine, Jeanie, her sister Elizabeth, twelve or thirteen years her junior, strayed into the little room, and saw "Sister Anne" at her escritoire. "I have been writing a ballad, my dear," the frank elder sister told her little confidante; "and I am oppressing my heroines with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick and given her auld Robin for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, Sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted and the song completed.

Mr. Ignace Gibsons has left town to pass his vacation at Dover.

A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars when a policeman came up and hit him with a stave.

A musical contemporary (American) says:—"The man who thought he could do business without advertising has been compelled to give in. His first advertisement was headed 'Sheriff's sale.'"

Ole Bull, the great Norwegian cat-gut scraper, has two pets which he loves passing well—his fiddle and his dog. The former is more useful than ornamental, and the latter is more ornamental than useful. The dog is a small white poodle, covered with a fleece as soft as that of Mary's little lamb. Yesterday morning, as Ole Bull was walking along Fourth Street, followed by his little dog, a squad of dog-catchers espied the canine, and, noticing that Fido was not provided with a ticket-of-leave from Collector Wright, in the shape of a three-dollar brass medal, they marked him as a foe worthy of their steel wire. One of the boys, carrying a wire noose behind his back, slipped cautiously up to Fido, and with a dexterous turn of the wrist lassoed him. A distressing "yawn!" from the dog attracted the attention of the musician, and, looking around, he saw his favourite in the hands of the Philistines. Then ensued a scene at once ludicrous and tragical. Ole Bull exclaimed, "Mein Gott! vot you do wiz mine little dog!" "He ain't got no 'C. T. P.' on," replied the dog-catcher, "and we's goin' to impound him." "I will pound you if you let him not go," said the fiddler, taking hold of the dog and freeing him from the noose. The dog ran for life, the dog-catchers pursued, half a dozen newsboys followed, and Ole Bull brought up the rear. The dog was now put to his trumps. Several times the catcher threw out his noose, which the dog cunningly dodged. Ole Bull was greatly agitated, and was no doubt angry enough to annihilate every dog-catcher in the city. Being unable, however, to keep up with the chase, he resorted to strategy. Taking a position in an open door on Chestnut Street, he whistled to the dog, and the sagacious animal ran in, and bounding up the stairs, was soon safe from pursuit. Ole Bull then secured him, and the fiends of the dog-pound were cheated out of a victim.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

The report of Mr. John Hullah on the results of his first year's musical inspection of the training colleges throughout the country, which is included in the appendix to the annual report of the Committee of Council on Education just issued, is receiving very general criticism at the hands of the Tonic Sol-faists, who, as the advocates of a system to which Mr. Hullah is known to be opposed, naturally regard his proceedings with some jealousy. They have at length embodied their views in a memorial, signed by Mr. John Curwen, as President of the Tonic Sol-fa College, and this document, which is of considerable length, has been presented to the Committee of Council. After reciting the fact that the Committee had promised that the Tonic Sol-fa notation and method should be received on the same terms as the old notation in all examinations, and stating that a large number of the training colleges adopt the Tonic Sol-fa method, the memorialists proceed to express their regret that the tests in copying music by ear, which had been employed for many years, were abandoned by Mr. Hullah in his visits to normal schools, and they pray that these may be resumed. Having heard that the inspector intends to reintroduce the subject of harmony in his examinations next Christmas, the memorialists pray that their method may be used in respect to it. In regard to the sight-singing tests presented to students by the inspector in his visitations of the colleges, it is submitted that the same piece of music may in future be used in both notations, and that equal marks be given for each, although the memorialists have no objection to the allotment of extra marks to students who can read from both. They also urge that the marks for sight-singing should be published separately from those for voice, ear, and style. The memorialists state that at the Christmas examination by Mr. Hullah, the Tonic Sol-fa students were, for the first time, required to answer questions on the staff notation, a proceeding in which, they argue, he was acting in opposition to their lordships' letter of the 10th of August, 1869. This action of the inspector has, it is said, discouraged the study of the method in various parts of the kingdom. Pointing to the exercises in musical notation which are appended to Mr. Hullah's report, the memorialists charge him with having given to the Tonic Sol-faists a test "translated in a manner so foreign to their habits and practice, and printed with such uneven 'pulses,' or 'beats,' and such inaccurate octave marks, as rendered it simply impossible to be sung." There are, they allege, more than twenty errors of the press in the piece of music given to the Tonic Sol-faists, any one of which must confuse a sight-singer; and in proof of their assertion they supply a list of the errors. The memorialists conclude by submitting that they have shown cause to justify them, under present circumstances, in asking for such re-arrangements as will remedy the difficulties they have pointed out, and secure the fitness and thoroughness of Tonic Sol-fa examinations.

MENDELSSOHN'S VISIT TO THE QUEEN.—Mendelssohn gave us an account of his visit to the Queen. She had received him very graciously, and he was much pleased with her rendering of some of his songs, which he had accompanied; he had also played to the Queen and the Prince. She must have been pleased, for, when he rose to depart, she thanked him, and said, "You have given me so much pleasure, now, what can I do to give you pleasure?" Mendelssohn deprecating, she insisted, so he candidly admitted that he had a wish that only Her Majesty could fulfil. He, himself the head of a household, felt mightily interested in the Queen's domestic arrangements; in short, might he see the Royal children in their Royal nurseries? The Queen at once entered into the spirit of his request, and in her most winning way conducted him herself through the nurseries, all the while comparing notes with him on the homely subjects that had a special attraction for both.—*The Life of Moscheles*.

#### HE IS LATE.

She watches at the porch,  
The sun is nearly down;  
What keeps her truant lord?  
He should be back from town.  
One short, sweet year ago  
He never made her wait—  
As much too early then,  
As now he is too late.  
Had heaven bestowed on me  
That little lady there,  
Whom love has made so sad,  
And sadness made so fair—  
Her hand, her cheek, her mouth  
Should not for kisses wait:  
Were that sweet awful mine,  
I never could be late.

R. H. STODDARD.

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